

Touch

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Summary: A little bit of awe, a little bit of surprise; to think that a man whom he'd met with nothing but intense dislike for was now unable to think of a future without him; even more surprising, to think that Nice himself was unable to think of a future without the other man around. A scene that might have played out after Murasaki got Nice ashore from the sinking boat.

Touch

A/N: **half-inspired by a headcanon of filililikilili (or someone else, not sure, but probably filililikilili) where Murasaki and Nice are always around each other because of their fear that the other will disappear.**

PS: I've decided to write a minimum of one fanfic per episode of re: :D I'M GONNA DO THE MURANI I SWEAR

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><p>When Nice opens his eyes, it's to pain everywhere, his arm his leg his body just _everywhere_, and the warmth of Murasaki spilling over to him from where the man has joined their hands together.

When he tries to talk his throat is scratchy, and Murasaki immediately notices even that feeble effort. The hand in his tightens ever harder, and Nice tries to grip back, tries to telegraph_ I'm going to be fine_ without words. Ratio is called in almost instantly and Nice has to suffer through things being poked into strange places before he is finally left alone again. The whole time his partner hasn't let him go - something Nice wonders if Murasaki even realizes he's doing.

"Murasaki," he can speak now, his vocal chords functional again.

"Yeah?" Murasaki pays rapt attention to even the smallest thing; Nice likes it but he's a little awed by it. "After we jumped... what happened?"

"You blacked out. As soon as we reached the shore I got Ratio to check up on you, and he got this room for you. You were bleeding from multiple gunshot wounds and I just... god, Nice, you could have _died_..." It's very slight, but Nice can hear the tremble in Murasaki's words, can see the tense shoulders and pained face.

"Murasaki, you _swam_ all the way to the shore lugging a dead weight...?" Nice is amazed. Simply swimming in the ocean at night is amazing enough, but to do so dragging a person around is just...

Murasaki's tone is sharp. "Don't even joke about that, Nice. You were anything but dead." Murasaki averts his eyes, "I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't survived, okay?"

A little bit of awe, a little bit of surprise; to think that a man whom he'd met with nothing but intense dislike for was now unable to think of a future without him; even more surprising, to think that Nice himself was unable to think of a future without the other man around.

A short, sharp laugh escaped Nice's lips. "Murasaki, do you know what I'm feeling right now?"

The abrupt change in the flow of conversation made Murasaki glance up as he put forward a cautious reply. "No." He thought he knew what Nice was feeling, could hazard a fairly accurate guess. He knew, but he didn't say anything.

Whenever Nice goes through ultimate defeat, he invariably feels...

worthless...

"I feel so sick of myself. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't fight back. I was so useless!"

confused...

"But what was I supposed to do? Damn it, Murasaki, what was I supposed to do? Kill Art? Kill myself? Was there something I could have done that would have brought Art back to himself?"

regretful...

"God, if only I could turn back time, I'd do it in a heartbeat, I swear! And you got hurt bad because of this! That's what I hate the most! You were so exhausted that you... you got kicked around by Art and still you broke through a fucking wall and swam through a frigid ocean carrying me!"

and blames himself for everything...

"What did I do wrong?"

Nice's hands had gone to cradle his head, as if the very regrets he had were crushing him inside out.

Murasaki took a deep breath before replying. "Nice, this wasn't your fault. Art was... I'm sure he had his reasons. We just need to find them. But you need to know this: there was probably nothing you could have done to change this outcome. So stop beating yourself up."

"I know that! I know that, but that doesn't change the fact that there must have been something I could have done!" Nice yelled, frustration clear in his voice and body gestures.

"No, there wasn't. I'm sure about that. If this outcome could have been changed at all it wouldn't have turned out like this. I know I may be coming off as unkind right now but... honestly, all I can promise you is this: we are going to find Art, and get him to spit his reasons out."

Nice stared at Murasaki for a moment before opening his mouth. "Are you serious?"

Murasaki gazed deep into Nice's eyes to make sure his meaning and intent were clear. "Yeah. We'll find him and get him to spill. Together."

Appreciation of the fact that Murasaki was trying to cheer him up; gratitude that he was still sticking by Nice's side. The hospitalized boy's hand again searched for and found Murasaki's to slip inside, "Thanks, Murasaki. I don't know where I'd be without you," he said honestly, "and the thing is, I don't ever want to either. So please, we're going to find Art, but please don't get killed somewhere in the process. I many act like I'm totally fine but really, I'm just really afraid you're going to die if I'm not looking."

"To be honest, after this I don't think I can ever take my eyes off of you for fear that you are going to disappear." Murasaki admitted. Even now he was wary; he felt like if he left the room for a second Nice would chase off after Art by himself. Nice laughed. "I guess we're worrying about the same thing, yeah? I'll let you keep watching me if you'll let me keep watching you, deal?"

Murasaki sighed. "Yeah, deal. Now go back to sleep, you aren't supposed to be awake."

"Jeez, after that big-ass conversation we just had! How can I keep watching you if I'm asleep?" Nice grumbled. Murasaki pondered the apparent dilemma for a moment before Nice himself answered his own question. "You know what, I'll just grab your hand like this. If you move an inch, I'll wake up. This is as good as watching you," Nice lauded himself as he already put his plan in motion, latching on to Murasaki's arm as he snuggled into the sheets and, simultaneously, Murasaki.

The All or Nothing minimum holder was ready to just tell Nice off for his idea, but it was just then that he realized the insecurity hidden behind the words. Nice was genuinely afraid that Murasaki would disappear (as was he). So Murasaki didn't say anything in response and surprised Nice by quietly pulling the sheets over them both. Nice was wise enough to not comment on it, and just closed his eyes, the

warmth of Murasaki a comfortable sleeping pill that lulled him to unconsciousness.

They fell asleep like that, arms interlocked on a far too narrow hospital bed.

And to them, it was better than the comforts sleeping alone on any king-sized bed would offer.

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><p>AN: pls send help**

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file.